

ADVOCATE



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The Class of 1920

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATES THIS

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TO

MARY A. WINN



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EDITORIALS



In publishing this, the Graduation Number of the "Advocate," we have been successful in accomplishing what seemed to be impossible. During this school year we have published three editions, an achievement heretofore unknown, as the "Advocate" has been an Annual, except for two occasions when it appeared twice in a school year. Our doing this was possible mainly through the kindly co-operation of the majority of the town's business men, who generously answered our call for advertisements. A substantial amount of money was also realized from the proceeds of the Minstrel Show. We wish to express our deep appreciation for the hearty aid rendered by those who advertised and also those who had charge of the show.

The promptness with which our request for back numbers of the "Advocate" was answered is certainly very pleasing and shows good spirit. We are indebted to Miss Mildred Robb, of the Junior Class, for the greater number of these back copies. There are but two issues still to be obtained, namely, June, 1915, and Easter, 1911. These two will complete the volume which is then to be bound and kept here at the High School.

It is hoped that next year will see the continuation of the Debating Club which was organized last Fall. A club of that nature was discontinued years ago, but the present club should be made a permanent feature in this school. Rivalry between schools can be just as keen in debating as it is in athletics, and can be equally as advantageous. It's up to you, Undergraduates!

Words cannot show the sincere regret that everyone felt when we learned of the resignation of Miss Winn, our English teacher. The loss was felt mostly by the Senior Class, to whom she was always a friend, steadfast and true. Her charming personality gained for her the everlasting friendship of every pupil. Her time was our time for she was always occupied for our welfare, whether in English, in Public Speaking, in Debating, in Theatricals, or in "Advocate" work. She was ever a most efficient teacher and good "pal." Her friends wish her all possible success in her position at Emerson College.

"The Conservation of Rubber" was the subject of a talk given in the Assembly Hall by a representative of a well-known rubber concern. The speaker gave a very interest-

ing and helpful account of the present situation of the rubber industry; following the rubber from the time it is taken from the trees on the plantation, which his company owned, he explained, to the manufacture of tires for automobiles. His valuable information concerning the types of tires from solid to pneumatic truck and the causes of tire trouble, was well received and without doubt was practiced by those who own cars. He was, indeed, a most interesting and pleasant speaker, and very adept in flattering the teachers.

Another speaker recently came to give information concerning the Agricultural School in Norfolk County. He told all there

was to be known in regards to entrance requirements, tuition, and courses. For those whose inclinations are strong enough for agricultural work, this talk was very important, especially as this is the time when the farmer is most needed.

The staff wishes to thank Miss Eyrick and the members of the typewriting class for the invaluable service given in preparing the copy for the press. All other work was left so that the material could be typewritten immediately. The girls are especially to be commended for their willingness to perform the tedious task given them.





An Explosive Experience

Mr. James Stanley Boyle was a small, twelve-year-old boy, who possessed two outstanding gifts; namely, a heavy crop of brilliant red hair, and a considerable amount of mechanical ingenuity. He was the pride and joy of his mother, who said that her dear Jimmy was sure to become a great inventor, —perhaps he would in time excel Mr. Edison. His father called him a “plaguy little nuisance,” though he did say that Jim might amount to something sometime if he managed to keep out of jail. His teachers despaired of ever drilling any thing into his head; especially since he had experimented with an ammonia gas bomb of his own manufacture, in the geography period. The experiment was highly successful, but was entirely unappreciated by the teacher, who gave him a week of “seventh periods.”

Whenever Jimmy’s red head was seen by the neighbors, they lived in fear and trembling until it disappeared; for he was always trying some of his endless inventions upon these innocent victims.

One night James Boyle, Sr., came home greatly agitated. He announced that there had been several breaks in their neighborhood recently. He enlarged on the great danger which threatened them; and said that he was going to buy a revolver right away. Mr. Jones, in the next flat, was installing a burglar alarm, “But,” said he,

“those things never work, and get out of order quickly. A pistol is much more effective.”

The mention of a burglar alarm suggested an idea to Jimmy’s fertile brain. After supper he went to call on his bosom friend, Tommy Davenport. For some time they discussed the possibility of making a burglar alarm. Suddenly Tommy cried, “I have an idea!”

“You have a motor, haven’t you?”

“Sure, I have,” was the reply. “Then I know what to do,” responded Jimmy. “Pa has an old phonograph in the attic. We can hitch the motor to that, and make a special record, an’ fix it so that if anyone opens the window it’ll go off. Whaddya think o’ that?”

“Great,” said Jim, “And say! let’s take some blank cartridges, and put ’em with it so’s they’ll go off at the same time.”

“O. K., when can we put it in?”

“When ma isn’t looking, cause if she sees it, the game’s up.”

“Let’s make the alarm tomorrow after school.”

“All right, so long,” and Jimmy took his departure.

For the next week he lived in a high state of excitement. Every moment of all too short days he was sure to be with Tommy, working on the contraption. He became so

excited that could not even eat. His mother began to worry. Loss of appetite was a sure sign that Jimmy had something on his mind; and when Jimmy had a new idea, the outcome was usually disaster for the family sooner or later.

Finally the boys perfected their instrument. One afternoon when Mrs. Boyle was away, it was brought into the house and placed in Jimmy's sister's room. They concealed the alarm under the bed, and connected the wires together to the window. The boys had agreed that together they would meet, upon the stroke of twelve, and then proceed to raise the window, in order to give their invention a last test which would prove its efficiency.

Tommy appeared that night at the ghostly hour of twelve. Softly Jim stole from his room. Together they placed against the window a ladder which T. D. had brought; Tommy pried up the sash, and then!—well, it worked!

Meanwhile the family had arrived at eleven o'clock, by the way—and had retired for a much-needed rest.

Suddenly the calm and tranquility of their peaceful repose was shattered by the most fearful yells, shrieks and howls they had ever heard. Pistol shots sounded near at hand.

With hair on end, and eyes like saucers, Mr. Boyle sat up in bed just as Pap! Crack! Pop! off went three pistol's shots. "It's burglars!" he exclaimed. "And they're in Mary's room!" With a frantic grab for his pistol in a very décolleté costume he dashed down the hall and into his daughter's chamber.

Just then Crack! Crack! Biff! three more pistol shots exploded, and from beneath the bed came the following: "Oh-h-h! A-h-h-h!" Groans! Shrieks! "Arise, ye inmates of this house! Arise, before your throats are severed from ear to ear! Arise! and defend yourselves! ere you lie weltering in your gore! Arise, before thieves pilfer your

wealth, and rob you of life!" More groans and shrieks. "Help! good neighbors, lend your aid! Do not permit these base villains to steal the hard-earned dollars of your fellow-men, and leave them bleeding corpses. Fire! Murder! Mercy! Bones! Skeletons! Help!" Then some more shrieks, groans, etc., and this horrible concert again began to rent the air.

Mary, thoroughly terrified, was cowering in a corner when her father burst into the room. "They're over at the window," she gasped. "I saw them and heard them talking."

"I'll shoot them," he replied, as he rushed to the window, "run into your mother's room, while I fight it out!"

Just then he toppled over the wire and went out the window, head foremost, a la Chaplin style. Although Mr. Boyle was naturally a lover of nature, he greatly preferred contact by his feet rather than by his head. Jimmy and Tommy, having witnessed his sudden demonstration of love for the great out-doors, promptly retired.

Tommy went home; Jimmy, vainly endeavoring to look innocent, went to bed. Meanwhile Mrs. Boyle had stolen into Mary's room.

The sweet and poetic message of the mysterious voice under the bed was something like Tennyson's brook; it went on forever. When Mrs. Boyle began to investigate, it was repeating for the fifth time. Shivering with fright, she peered under the bed, but could see nothing.

Just then Mr. Boyle entered. "What are you trying to do there?" he demanded. "Are you going to memorize that and publish it for jazz music?"

"No," she replied. "I want to learn it so that I can have a soothing melody to sing to the baby."

"Well, let's see what it is, anyway," he said. He turned on the light, and reached under the bed.

"It may be a burglar, and he'll shoot you," wailed Mrs. Boyle.

"Don't care if he does, my bones are so sore," came the retort as he pulled out the phonograph and stopped it.

She looked at it curiously. "It must be one of dear Jimmy's inventions. He's such a bright boy."

"Should think he was, if his brilliance can be measured by the stars I saw when I hit the ground," answered James, Sr.

"You won't punish him, will you?" she pleaded.

"Let's go to bed, I'll settle this in the morning."

The next morning James, Jr., came to breakfast looking very happy. "Dad," he said, "Wasn't my burglar alarm a success! I knew it would be better than a pistol."

"It did, my son," said his father. "It was most effective. I assure you that a pistol would be unnecessary, for we should be dead before the burglar could reach us!"

MERRILL TENNEY, '22.

Greater Love Hath No Man

In the remotest corner of the world, there lives a gray-haired, clear-eyed old man awaiting the day when the great Master shall give him freedom at last.

Newfare's sleep of forty years ago was suddenly interrupted, and its inhabitants shocked and horrified by the awful crime committed by one of their citizens, Howard Pope. Pope was born in the little town, lived there as a child, attended the village school, and made for himself a fine clean record and a fine promise of a successful manhood. He and his chum, Alfred Fuller, were always to be depended upon in any kind of a situation. When they grew to manhood the people in the little town "set great store by them," as one of the inhabitants put it, and looked up to them in everything. As we all know, in a small town of perhaps two or three hundred people, three are always two or three who assume leadership in everything or have it thrust upon them.

So, when Howard Pope was chosen president of the bank in an adjoining town, and Alfred Fuller, the treasurer, the people who had known the boys from childhood just nodded in a perfectly matter-of-fact way as they said, "Just what we knew would

happen from the beginning to such fine boys."

And the two were inseparable; where one went, there there also went the other. They liked the same things to eat and both liked the same sort of amusements. Then one day a cloud covered the sun for a time. They both liked the same girl. There is more tragedy in two men's caring for the same girl than the casual observer ever dreams about. For one fellow it is sure to be heaven, but for the other it's just the opposite.

In this case Pope silently withdrew and gave Fuller an open field, of which Fuller took advantage. In the course of events he married the girl and they established their home a stone's throw from Pope's.

The two men did not see quite so much of each other after Alfred's marriage, and as time went along, they saw each other less and less.

Along in the winter Alice, Alfred's wife, was taken ill, or rather contracted pneumonia, which caused a financial panic in the Fuller home. But, as ever before, Pope went to the rescue of his two dearly beloved friends, and Alice was getting along splendidly when she got up too soon and had a

relapse. This made the family budget even lower, and at last Alfred could stand it no longer. A faint idea had taken shape way back in the dimmest recesses of his brain which bothered him not a little.

For days he went around the house as though in a state of coma, and when Alice asked him what was the matter, he just laughed in a forced manner and said, "Why nothing at all," but the idea continued to grow until it became a deliberate plan in the head of Alfred Fuller, and he made a firm resolve—and, worse luck, kept it.

One Monday he told Alice he was going up town for some shaving soap and would be right back. So he purchased the shaving material, walked around the square, and then home, after which he bade Alice good-night and went to bed.

About eleven o'clock, Howard Pope was handed a telegram from his brother Jack, asking him if he wouldn't go West for a time and work on a ranch out there, while Jack took a vacation. Howard thought for a minute, then struck the table with his fist. "By George," he said, "I know what I'll do." He put on his hat and coat and walked towards Fuller's house, all the time thinking what a chance it would be for Alice to get well and for Fred too. Suddenly he saw some one come from the back of the house and wondered what the fellow could want around that house at that hour.

Watching the unknown's stealthy caution, Pope followed him and was led to the—bank! For an instant Pope lost track of him again and entered the bank by a side door, where in front of him at the safe was Alfred Fuller, snatching packages of money feverishly and stuffing it into the bag. At a slight noise from Popé, Fuller jumped to his feet, revolver pointed, and saw—his friend!

"Howard," he could only gasp.

Just then, stealing up the stairs, could be heard a person or a number of persons.

"Take this and go quickly," said Pope,

thrusting the telegram he had just received into the nerveless fingers of Fuller and pushing him out a small door. Pope locked it and removed the key and turned to face the officers in the doorway.

"Great heavens, Pope! You!"

Pope said nothing. What was there to say? Besides, there was the money in the satchel on the floor.

And the watchman? "Pope, old man, why did you do it?"

At that Pope started. So he, Fuller, had killed poor old Jim, to whom Pope wouldn't cause the slightest pain! The pity of it!

One of the officers, who secretly worshipped Pope, walked over to him and laying his hand across Pope's arm, said, "Old man, I'd sooner do this to my brother."

That's all right, Bill," said Pope; "I know."

"I guess you won't need 'em," said Pope, and walked out ahead of the officer. The rest was only a faint memory to him.

He remembered of being accused of murder in the first degree and also attempted robbery. The jury's verdict echoed and re-echoed itself in his ears. "Guilty!" Death for him! Then he was led to a cell, his whole future a blot. Toward evening Pope had a visitor, the faithful and trusting Bill. First there were whisperings on Bill's part and protestations from Pope, then Bill left.

The next morning Pope's cell was empty! And no one knew who had unlocked his door nor how he got by the guards. All they knew was that he had left.

On a certain ranch out West is a young man with his wife, who is recuperating from a serious illness. The girl is happy, but the man is not, because in a remote corner of the world, unknown and unloved, lives a gray-haired, calm-eyed old man, awaiting the day when the great Master shall give him freedom at last. He had given his life for his friend.

HERBERT L. YERXA, '20.

It Pays to Advertise

Everybody in Lancaster knew of Mrs. Girad's diamond necklace. This famous bit of jewelry had been given to her husband the year before, when he had won the first prize at shooting.

Mr. Girad was very proud of his wife, who was popular in society, could ride and shoot as well as any man, and, to top it all, was beautiful. The lady in question had worn the diamond necklace many times at entertainments and balls. To-night, as it happened, was the great Charity Ball, a fete well fitted for the display of diamonds, and Mrs. Girad delighted to parade up and down showing her jewels to the envious gathering.

As in all crowds, there were present some people who slipped in from the underworld. The "Thunderbolt" was known in the underworld only for his ability to rob and plunder, rather than for any personal characteristics. He was a supposed guest at the Charity Ball, but when Mrs. Girad suddenly felt her necklace missing, nobody thought to question Mr. Warwick, the great society leader. Of course, the house and grounds were searched, but nothing could be found of the necklace.

The next morning the papers were full of the robbery. Large advertisements were

placarded throughout the city. The "Thunderbolt," alias Mr. Warwick, showed his sympathy by hiring all the detectives in the city, offering as a special inducement a reward of \$10,000 in cash, and no questions asked.

Not many days later the "Thunderbolt" came to the door of Mrs. Girad, disguised as a peddler. He claimed he had found the jewels, which he handed to her. Mrs. Girad, recognizing her jewels, at once gladly gave the "Thunderbolt" the reward for, as he alone knew, the paste imitations. Later an advertisement was sent out offering a reward for the capture of the man answering to the description of the peddler, but he was never found.

Mrs. Girad made a public statement for the press, that she did not believe it paid to advertise, a great contrast to the statement made by Mr. Warwick in an interview.

"Pay to advertise? Why, of course. I'll say it's a great help to all business."

He ushered the reporter to the street, and quickly closing the door, pulled forth from his pocket a roll of bills, exclaiming, "Pretty soft money! Ten thousand dollars as a peddler's salary! Advertise, boy, advertise!"

DORIS HENRY, '21.

Just a Tramp

It was a fine, sunny day in early June, a time when happiness reigns, but Ragged John walked dejectedly along the deserted country road. Suddenly he stopped, sniffed the air like a dog on the scent, and looked eagerly around. The cause of it, two delicious looking pies on the window ledge of Aunt Miranda's pantry, recalled to his mind the famous hymn, "Yield Not to Temptation."

He ran to the side of the little cottage, stopped near the window and looked longingly at them. He looked at them, then around, wondering what his chances of escape were. At last he decided that there might be a good natured woman in the cottage, and if he asked tactfully he might get more than if he took the pies. At least, he had nothing to lose, as he could get the pies on his way out. He shuffled slowly to

the door and knocked, but started back at the vision that soon met his eyes. She was a sweetfaced old lady with silvery hair and as dainty in manner as a Dresden Shepherdess. She looked, he imagined, like his own mother, had she been there. The appearance of the old lady brought back many memories of his childhood, memories that lasted until she looked kindly at him and smiled inquiringly. He took off his dusty cap, or what was left of it, and barely murmured, "Please ma'am, may I have something to eat?" She looked at him closely, saw the shame in his face, and then answered, "Certainly, won't you come in?" just as if he were a caller, instead of a dirty old tramp! Her words and her manner touched the man more deeply than he would have admitted.

For the first time in his life, he told his story. A simple story it was, of a wayward boy who wanted all the pleasures of life without any of its trials and hardships. He had gone to a nearby city and chosen for his comrades the sportiest fellows the town boasted. But, after all, he couldn't forget the real life of the country, and its Fairy Kindheart, his mother! And when he found the pleasures of the city to be mere shams, he left it to wander through the beautiful country, continually repenting of his past folly. The old lady understood, for she had a boy of her own, now a man, and when he finished she said simply, "God bless you, my son," and the tramp, feeling happier than he ever had before, went slowly on his journey.

ANGELA OVERTON, '20.

An Intimate Extract From the Life of Reginald de Peyster of New York and Newport

(With Apologies to Stephen Leacock)

It was with the usual extreme care and deliberation that Reginald de Peyster (of the de Peyster lineage) selected a tie to match his gray walking suit chosen after an hour's uninterrupted thought. Indeed, now that Reggie's valet had left his employ for a position as plumber in the "Union Gas Company" over in Brooklyn, Reggie found that he had no other choice than to dress himself, and, horror of horrors, choose his own attire from the vast wardrobe, without wearing the same suit twice in one month!

Although this flower of New York's very best ancestry had spent ten or twelve years at Harvard, he found great difficulty each morning in selecting the correct suit and other essentials of dress. However, as he surveyed himself in the mirror on this particular morning, after the completion of the final detail, he found no cause for complaint, and went down to ten o'clock breakfast.

This over, Reggie took his hat and stick and started on his morning walk, running into his coal dealer at a spot two or three blocks away from the ancestral Fifth Avenue mansion. Remembering that another winter was likely to come, and desiring to be well prepared with a supply of coal, Reggie popped the vital question to the coal dealer.

"Well, of course," said the latter, "I can let you have a ton or two, but we'll have to waive all question of delivery. You see, Mr. de Peyster, my teamsters have all gone to Washington to the Teamster's Convention. They may be back this fall or they may go South. But if they do come back, I'll see that you get a ton or two, anyway, because I don't want to see you frozen."

Reggie was touched by this munificent generosity and jaunted along with a greater buoyancy and cheerfulness of thought.

He almost passed the grocery store, but

the sight of some well polished oranges drew him inside. On inquiring the price, his grocery man replied, "Well, I was just about to raise the price of those oranges as you came in, but as a personal favor I'm going to let you have 'em at seventy-five cents a dozen. They're going to be a dollar. You'll find they'll be higher than that tonight, but I can't quite decide how high to put them yet."

Reggie, after squeezing several of the oranges, remarked about their being mostly rotten.

"Yes, you'll find that about half of them are bad, but that's all right. Just take a knife and remove the bad parts and you'll find that you can eat the rest. I have to do it in moments of stress myself."

Proceeding to the garage, Reggie met with the worst of luck. The manager, who had been watching him come down the street, had just raised the price of gasoline to sixty cents. Standing there, watch in hand, he had watched Reggie's progress down the street, hoping he would arrive before the fatal moment of increase. "However," said the manager, "You had better buy your gasoline quickly, as I'm going out to lunch, and as soon as I get back, I'll have to raise the price again."

Reggie took this advice and passed on to his tailor, who, as Reggie says, "is usually one of the most pleasant, genial men that I know, and many and merry have been the little tryons I've spent with him."

"But today I found him a changed man. All his gayety seemed gone, and he was saddened visibly."

Reggie found that the reason for the alteration in the man was the fact that the latter was going to be obliged to raise the prices of all his autumn suits twenty dollars. It was a cruel blow to the poor tailor, and accounted for his dejection, which manifested itself in a syncopated walk about the shop.

"What is the present price of that gray worsted?" Reggie heard him ask his assistant.

"Eighty," was the reply.

Then the fellow retired behind his glazed glass place and shut the door. Reggie's intuition told him that the tailor was praying, so he waited.

When he came out, in sob sister tones, he declared, "Mark it ninety!"

The good fellow had been struggling to keep the price from soaring to a hundred, and he had succeeded!

"Buy it at once," said he, "I can't say as to when it will be finished."

Reggie declined in all delicacy to push this point.

"You see," continued the tailor, "My cutters are all in the Adirondacks and they'll hardly be back as long as the brisk, clear weather keep up. But," he added, "I'll see if I can get you the pants on a rush order and jam them through in a few weeks. Last month I put a pair of pants through for a gentleman who was leaving for Europe. For a time I was afraid that the gentleman would have to go to Europe without his pants."

"Imagine that!" said Reggie.

The morning's business outing was thus concluded and luncheon time had come. Reggie's first impulse was to visit the club for lunch, but the impossibility of this suddenly dawned upon him. The waiter's annual strike was in session, and as these gentlemen wished with all their hearts to avoid any possible friction, they thought it most advisable for the members to refrain from visiting the club during the gala event. This little sacrifice on the part of the club members would make for a general era of good feeling all around. It would also cause less disturbance to the waiters, who were in deep thought. It seems that the poor fellows couldn't quite ascertain the cause for the strike or for what they were striking.

Reggie, therefore, found himself with no desirable place to lunch. Was he daunted? No! Never had a de Peyster known the meaning of the word!

Although the bars were closed and the drama censored, Reggie lifted his head undiscouraged, and proceeded toward Central

Park. Here, after drinking one or two gallons of egg phosphate, he spent the remainder of the day with urban nature, thinking all the while of the bright glad world in which he lived.

Here endeth this intimate extract. Amen!

L. CRAWFORD BARNES, '20.

"Jimmy"

Jimmy was an office boy in my dad's store. I never saw him but twice, but his adventures have interested me greatly. By the way, Jimmy is a real boy in real life, named James Anthony—let's call it Gingerbread! Short, stocky, and swart, he had a lively streak of sullenness and just a dash of adventure in his nature. He was brought up in the "Little Italy of Boston," one of a family of poor immigrants. He attend the public schools in the city until the law allowed him to go to work, and so, in the natural course of events, he became employed, as I have before stated.

On a Saturday night in early February, Jimmy went to the movies with two of his chums. The three boys started home at about half-past ten. Jimmy left them at the State Street Station with a "G'night, see y' t'morrer," and from that day to this neither his family nor friends have ever seen him.

"Old Stuff!" you'll say, but this is fact, not fiction. The mystery, if you can call it such, has been cleared up these many weeks, but the story is not ended, as no story in life is ended until death and—no, one cannot say even that.

That night, when the boy went into the subway, he was walking nonchalantly enough, whistling a bar of "You'd Be Surprised," when the biggest surprise of his short life came to him. "Hu!ly Chee, what's dis?" With a quick motion he snatched up that which he had seen on the floor. "Prob'ly

some kid's trick, but—Whee! Quickly he glanced around. On his right, a man was leisurely reading a battered news sheet, a cigar stub held loosely in the corner of his mouth. On the other hand, a man and woman were holding a heated argument in tense undertones. Aside from these three, the station was practically deserted, and they were so engrossed in their own affairs that he was sure they had not noticed him. Slipping his "find" into his pocket, he sidled over past the news stand to a secluded corner.

"It can't be real!" so ran his thoughts. "I must be havin' a nightmare or sump'n, but—" Pulling it from his pocket, he looked again— "Must 'a been some chicken what dropped this handbag, and—Criminy! Look a' d' dough!" Carefully extricating the money from the bag, he let the dainty piece of feminine vanity slip to the floor unheeded, while he counted his treasure. Four crumpled hundred dollar notes; several bills of smaller denomination and some loose change, the sum totaling well over five hundred dollars; and for a boy who had never had any spending money in his life that he had not earned himself! Think how you would feel in his place. The thought that he would be dishonest in keeping that money probably never entered his mind.

"Findin's is keepin's" had always been his motto. The woman had been careless and dropped it, he had found it, why should

it not be his? And to him that money spelt freedom, luxury and joys untold.

"It's me fer New York and," with consternation he gazed at his raiment; one pair of very much begrimed overalls, one pair of extremely muddy rubber boots, one torn coat and a rough hat which would have been much more suitably located in the rubbish can—"and some clothes!"

Stuffing the money carefully into his pocket, and with hand tightly clenched around it, he sauntered indifferently across the platform and boarded the train which had at that moment come into the station. At the North Station he made a dash for the establishment of Mr. Isaac Goldman, Second-Hand Clothing Merchant.

"Evening, Ike; I want the swellest outfit of clothes y' got in the place and the loan of a dressing room for about ten minutes. And make it speedy, m' man. I'm going to New York to-night and I'm in a hurry." Isaac grinned. "Sounds verree goot. What iss it, though, you wish to buy? Anoder pair of overalls, perhaps?"

Jimmy drew five five dollar bills from his roll and laid them importantly on the counter. "Now, maybe you'll believe me, and hustle, I'm——"

The old man rubbed his hands suavely, "And your folks, they know you are going?"

"Huh! Guess not! This is on my own. What difference's that make?"

"Well, if they should come to inquire, and——" a mercenary gleam crept into the Jew's eyes."

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, the boy drew forth another bill. "Will that keep your mouth shut, you old skin-flint?"

"Ah, my dear young gentleman, you misunderstand me. But I will keep the money, clothes are very dear. And haf no fear, my mouth is very close shut on a friend's business."

Jimmy accepted the clothes which the man got out, went into the dressing room,

and in less than fifteen minutes emerged in what, undeniably, would be termed a swell outfit. No other phrase would so aptly fit that combination of checks, blue silk stripes, purple hosiery and patent leather foot gear. At the South Station he caught the midnight express. And thus, on a bright Sunday morning, there arrived in the great metropolis this boy, barely fifteen years of age, who had never been outside of Massachusetts before, with five hundred dollars in his pocket and no friend nor acquaintance within many miles.

"Grub first. Gee, but I'm hungry!" Entering the first restaurant he found open, he ordered a meal which would startle any student of hygiene within an inch of his life. Ice cream, pickles, pie, beefsteak, lobster; these were only a few of the viands he selected.

And so, for two weeks, Jimmy sojourned in New York. Theatres, movie houses, dance halls, restaurants; all these, and many other amusement places, took their toll from his resources. Finally, deciding that he had seen all the sights, he drifted on to Philadelphia, and from there, some days later, to Baltimore.

There, hungry for excitement and with about eighty dollars left from the original sum, he got in with a gang of lazy rowdies whose chief business in life was gambling and drinking. These fellows usually congregated in a small basement room, where the gang had hoarded up a goodly supply of liquor.

It was on his third day in this retreat that Jimmy's fate came to him. The boys were sitting around an old table, enjoying life generally, when a trample was heard on the floor above them. With a startled look, one of the fellows jumped from his chair.

"Cheese it, fellers, the cops 're onto us!"

They had all managed to get away before the police reached the scene except Jimmy and one other lad, a stunted weakling with

coarse black hair, pale eyes and weak mouth. The police dispatched their business in short order. The two boys spent the night at the station house, and the next day lived through a weary morning waiting their turn in court. The weakling, it seems, was well known in the court. His record was a long one; and this episode, acting as the last straw, earned him his ticket to the state reformatory. Jimmy, however, fared more easily. He was a stranger in the city, and his record was clean. But the inexorable judge ordered immediate payment of a fifty-dollar fine—a sum that loomed large to the young man.

With reluctance, Jimmy pulled out his remaining money. Fifty-two dollars and seventeen cents! Ruefully he looked at the money, and then up at the judge, but there

was no sign of relenting in that dignitary's mien. He laid the greasy bills reluctantly down before him, and, turning stolidly around, he marched out of the room.

With what was left to him, he bought a ticket to Washington and in that city got a job in a restaurant, where he is now endeavoring to earn enough money to return home again.

Oh, what a tame ending! But I warned you that this was not a regular story. His story, of course, is not ended yet. Far from it, at only fifteen years of age. But doubtless, the finding of that money has played an important part in his young life. And it remains to be seen whether that purse will be the cornerstone, or a stumbling block in the days to come.

HARRIET M. HOWE, '22

Moonshine

Soon after July 1st, Mr. Amos Johnson, an up-to-date confidence man, called his helper, Frank Abbott, to his side and told him of a wonderful idea by which they could make a little money.

One week later Frank Abbott was established in an old-fashioned house near the edge of the city. He personally spread the report that he was a chemist and was working on a drink which would have a kick in it. Immediate results were forthcoming in the presence of a newspaper reporter, who called at a time when shrieks of delight were coming from Frank. "What is the matter with you?" inquired the reporter.

"At last I have found a drink with a kick in it. Taste of that," said Frank, offering the reporter a glass of red colored liquid.

"Oh, boy! That tastes like the real stuff. How long have you had it?"

"That is nothing but a few chemicals mixed together. They can be obtained from

any drug store, and as for the formula, I have that."

The reporter bade Frank goodbye and left for the office. That afternoon in the *Blatter* there was an article which told about the wonderful drink.

Two people who saw this article were deeply interested. The first was Amos Johnson. He smiled and said to himself, "Everything is coming fine, and I only hope the right man sees this. If he does, we collect some cash." The other was Mr. Ralph Henderson, an ex-brewery owner, who had made millions in the day of "much kick." He remarked to his friend, Tom Burns, who was with him, "Say, Tom, I will have to get that formula from the man if I have to pay a million for it. Just think of it, good liquor made in five minutes by mixing a few harmless chemicals! Why, I can clean up five millions on this deal!"

The next morning, Henderson was at

Frank's house at nine o'clock. "I see by yesterday's *Blatter* that you have a formula for making whiskey."

"Yes, I have," said Frank, as he was shaking a keg on the floor, "and I am making some now."

After adding some water and allowing it to stand a minute, he drew off some of the liquid through a spigot on the side of the keg, and handed it to Henderson, who tasted it eagerly.

"Do you mean to say that this marvelous drink can be made in five minutes from a few chemicals?"

"Sure, didn't you just see me do it?"

"I don't suppose you want to sell the formula, do you?"

"Why yes, I have had an offer of seventy-five thousand for it this morning."

"Man, I'll give you a hundred thousand for it."

A smile came to Frank's face at these words and he said to himself, "Pretty soft, old boy," and then out loud remarked, "all right; I'll take your offer."

Accordingly, Frank turned over his apparatus and formula, receiving one hundred thousand dollar bills in exchange.

Later in the day, as Amos Johnson and Frank were dividing the money, Amos said, "Gee, I bet old Henderson will be sore when he finds those phoney sides on that keg."

"Not half as sore as he'll be when he finds that the chemicals he mixes will give him a salt brine!"

"Well, come on, cut out the gab, and let's get down to business and get this money divided. The expenses were fifty dollars. Twenty-five for a quart of old stuff with a kick for the false sides of that keg and twenty-five for rent and apparatus. That leaves each of us forty-nine thousand, nine hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"Pretty soft cash for moonshine," murmured Frank.

"You bet," came from Amos.

As the sun was setting that evening, Ralph Henderson stood in his den. He was about to taste some liquid from a keg in front of him, when the moon rose and threw a light on to the glass which Henderson held. He tasted; the air was blue with oaths. The liquid was brine. But the *moon shines* still!

CHARLES ORNE, '20

Boy Wanted

Wanted—A young boy about fourteen years of age to do general office work and run errands. Must be honest. Good references desired.

Mr. William Alden sat before his desk, musing. He had stayed in all morning to meet any boys who wished to get the job, even cancelling a business engagement for that purpose. He had not waited long when he heard footsteps approaching the door of his private office, and then a soft tap on the glass.

Half turning in his chair, he peered over his spectacles at the boy who had entered at

his summons. The object of inspection was a little colored boy scarcely in his teens. At first, Mr. Alden was inclined to be angry, then a soft smile spread over his face as he motioned the boy to take a seat. As the lad obeyed, nervously crushing his cap with his hands, Mr. Alden remarked kindly, "Well, sonny, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Alden, war you de man what put dis'ad in the paper yesterday?"

"Yes, I put it in, but say, sonny, haven't you a name?"

"Oh yes, sar, mah name is George Lincoln Sebastian Washington, and it's funny, sar,

you know ma pa hab de self-same name to the letter."

"How old are you, George?"

"Well, sah, ma maw done say I sixteen, but to tell you the truff I done think I'm a little younger'n that."

"Are you educated, George?"

"Good Lord, man, I've got enough eddication to last me the rest of ma life an a part of some one else's too."

"Well, so far you are all right, but you know it is necessary to give references when applying for a job. Have you anything with you?"

"Well, sar, ah /neber /worked anawhere afore, but a've got a dandy reference, what ma maw wrote me, and by the way, sar, ah think she's the best reference in dis har country."

"I don't think that reference is satisfactory, George. Can't you get another?"

"Praps ah can, sar, but ya see ah figgered

that ma maw knew me better'n anyone else."

"I suppose, then, that you have never done any office work before, George?"

"Well, now, sar, not exactly, but I'm a fust-class dish washer."

"I'm afraid, George, that I will have to get some one else for this work. I guess you can run an adding machine all right, can't you?"

"Well, ah can't run an Aden machine, but say, bo, yud otta see me run ma father's Ford."

"That recommendation is enough for me, son! I take off my hat to anybody who can run a Ford. Report to-morrow morning at nine!"

"Jes' as you say, sar. Goo-bye!" And the "tar baby" turned a couple of hand springs as he made a triumphant exit that would have made even Charlie Chaplin envious.

WILLIAM G. STEPHENSON, '21.

"Mother's Promise"

"Mother!"

Mrs. Jimmy Anderson's pen came to an impatient halt.

"What do you want, Jane?"

"Moth-er, Mary Louise is going to have a party, and— and I'm invited."

"Yes, that's very nice. Now run out and j'ay again like a good child."

"Moth-er, can I have a party on my birthday? An' ice cream and cake with candles on it?"

"Yes, now run along, and—"

"But, moth-er, I want to ask you something."

"What is it, Jane?"

"Can I go all around the block alone by myself and give my own invitations, like Mary Louise is doing?"

"Yes, yes, if you'll stop bothering mother when she is busy writing."

For the remainder of the morning Mrs. Jimmy Anderson was uninterrupted. As a radiant result, she at last finished the paper on Japanese art which had received all of her time for the last three weeks. The paper was for the Forum Club, of which she was a comparatively new member, and its enthusiastic reception the following Wednesday afternoon was little short of an ovation.

But a still greater triumph, which she felt was a direct result of her brilliant paper, came in the next day's mail, an invitation to "Mrs. Van Pelt's" reception, two weeks later.

She must have a new dress to wear, of course, and she found her best shoes were not "best" enough, so had to buy new ones, as well as a pair of white kid gloves.

And, after all, the reception was a disappointment. The house was magnificent, of

course, but Mrs. Jimmy knew practically none of the guests.

Tired out, Mrs. Jimmy Anderson put away the new hat and new dress, for which she had spent so much more than she had a right to spend, and wondered when she would have an opportunity to wear them again.

The next day was not only Club Day, but it was Jane's birthday as well—a fact that had almost slipped Mrs. Anderson's mind. She had remembered it just in time and bought a long promised new doll, a picture book and a box of colored crayons.

Jane was pleased with everything, but her delight in the new doll was positive rapture. "And mother, can I take my new doll with me round the block and show her to everybody that I go to see?"

And with the child's kiss warm upon her lips, Mrs. Anderson went about her work, little knowing the meaning of Jane's parting words.

"Moth-er!" called the returned Jane, while she was still in the bustling midst of her work.

"Moth-er, I've asked them all—Mary Louise and Peggy and Betty and Maisie and Sue, and—and everybody's coming."

"Coming where?" asked Mrs. Anderson in a dumfounded voice.

"To my birthday party," beamed Jane, "and mother, what do you suppose? Betty wouldn't believe there was to be real ice cream and candle cake."

"Jane," said Mrs. Anderson severely, "do you mean to say that you have invited five little girls without first asking mother?"

"But I did ask first, and you said I could have one just like Mary Louise's."

The whole scene flashed upon Mrs. Anderson's mind—her eagerness to finish her paper and her impatience at Jane's interruptions!

"Jane, do be reasonable, dear. Mother can't let you have the party today because she is going out."

"But mother, you promised."

The telephone bell rang sharply and Mrs. Anderson hurried to answer it.

"Good morning, Mrs. Anderson," a woman's voice fluttered over the line.

"Yes, Mary Louise's mother. I hear there is to be a birthday party at your house today, but the little messenger did not say the time and I forgot to ask. What's that? From two to six? Very well, Mary Louise will be there."

For suddenly, in a flashing revelation, had come to Mrs. Jimmy Anderson the real worth-while values in life.

ELENA ROBERTS, '20.

Heirlooms

The warning bell sounded through the corridors of Rutledge Hall. A door slammed on the third hall and a swift pattering of slippered feet accompanied by "Good morning" roused the school to life.

In Room 6 on the third floor Priscilla Huntington, nicknamed Peggy, and Margaret Wilson, her chum, called Ted, raised up on their backs under the quilts. Finally a voice from the corridor called, "Priscilla!" "Coming," she said, and ran to the door. As

soon as her chum had disappeared, Ted jumped out of bed and hurried to dress. She was combing her hair as Peggy entered, and she paused at the horrified expression on the face of her chum.

Carefully locking the door, Peggy sat down in the rocking chair and addressed Ted, "Margaret, Gertrude Cornelius was robbed yesterday. Her Venetian ring is gone. It was an heirloom in the Cornelius family and is very valuable."

"Yes, and I suppose you're worrying because most likely some girl out in the hall has accused us of stealing it, as one of our tricks." The downcast looks of her chum confirmed her suspicions and in silence the girls dressed for breakfast. Priscilla sat down on a footstool to put on her shoes. She slipped one foot into a trim brown boot and quickly withdrew it. Putting her hand into the offending shoe, she brought out a silver ring set with emeralds and pearls.

"Ted!" she gasped, "the ring—my shoe—oh, Margaret!"

"Hush!" warned her chum. "We'll get it out of sight until after breakfast and we will see Gertrude and give it to her." Priscilla slipped it into her skirt pocket and continued to dress her feet. A knock sounded at the door. The girls gazed at each other in breathless silence.

"Kindly open the door!" came a voice from outside. Margaret turned the key and opened the door to admit Miss Hoyt, the Dean.

"Girls, I want to talk with you," she said, carefully closing the door.

"Do you know anything at all about the ring? It doesn't seem to me that it is like any of your tricks to cause such a commotion. Will you please tell me?"

"Really, Miss Hoyt, we did not take the ring and knew nothing about it until now, but I found this in my shoe this morning." Priscilla, trembling, extended the ring toward Miss Hoyt.

"Girls!" came a whisper from the hall, "I've lost my button hook."

"Gertrude," began Miss Hoyt, "I have already explained that Margaret and Priscilla have absolutely no part in the theft of your ring. Here is your ring and you will please be more careful of it in the future."

Saying this, she opened a small drawer in her desk and then looked at the girls.

"Girls! the ring is gone!" The girls looked at each other in astonishment, then Gertrude laughed.

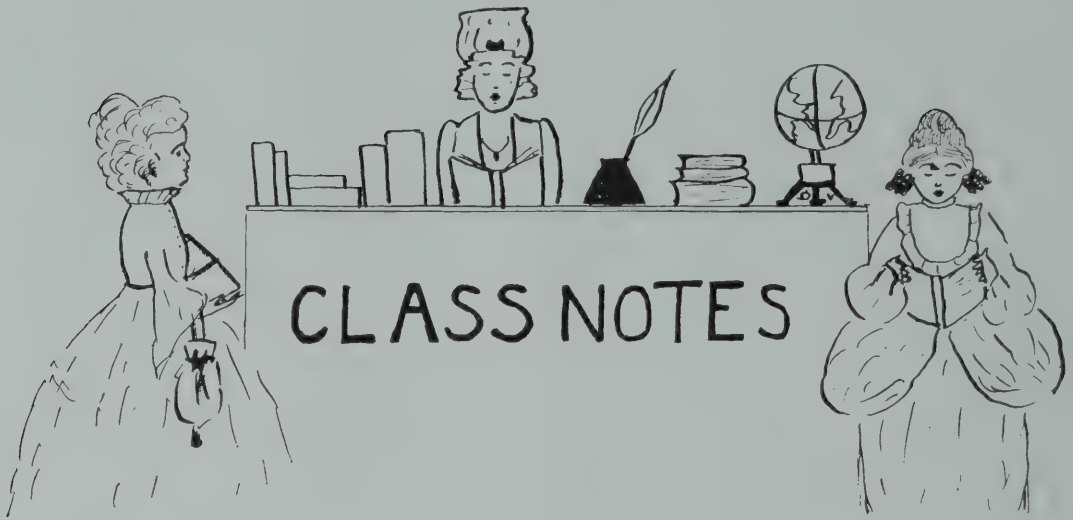
"Miss Hoyt, I am fully convinced that we are all innocent in the disappearance of the ring. Other articles of jewelry were lost and came to light a few days later in some one's shoes. It really was a joke."

Rutledge Hall, the girls' dormitory at Harmon Academy faced Armand House, the boys' dormitory beside the athletic field. A game of football was going to be played in the afternoon. The cheering section were greatly amused by the antics of Jocko, the school mascot, a monkey presented to the school by an old member.

The game began and Jocko came to sit beside Peggy and Ted, his favorites. Ted was watching him when he pulled Gertrude's ring out of his pocket and began to play with it. The explanation was simple. Jocko had paid the girls a visit and taken whatever pleased him; then he had dropped some of the articles into a shoe.

ALTA M'LEAN, '20.





Senior Class Notes

The past two months have been very exciting ones for the Senior Class in that the plans for the all-important event of the four years of High School life—graduation—are being made. The Class of 1920 has shown its originality and ability by furnishing its own music for graduation. In other years, the under classmen have participated in the singing, but this year our class thought a variation would be more interesting.

There has been one event this year that saddened the hearts of all members not only of our class, but of the whole school, and that was the loss of our English teacher, Miss Winn. She was not only an excellent teacher but a good pal and sincere friend of every one and it was a heavy loss for every student when she resigned.

Our class certainly was very unlucky when the class pictures were taken. We had to go three times to the photographers before we considered ourselves handsome enough to adorn the Advocate and the bureaus of various members. But when you gaze on our jolly countenances you will see that nothing can quench our amiable natures.

We are very modest about it, but still proud to think that we—the Class of 1920—are one of the largest classes ever graduated from Needham High School. Our class has 35 members and our school will be well represented at various colleges, particularly Dartmouth, where four of our members are going.

We are well represented in baseball this year by Captain Murdoch, the famous pitcher, Cronin, and the famous short-stop, Hammersley.

Taking sorrows and pleasures together, we spent one of the best and happiest years of our lives here at school and in later years our memories will often turn back to our Senior year when we had so many good times together.

As a class, we have tried to walk the straight and narrow path, and although we had many failings we would like to be remembered only by our good points. We will close the book by saying we hope the Seniors-to-be every possible success and joy in their last year at Needham High School.

MARY FOLEY, Sec.

Junior Class Notes

The big event of the season for the Junior Class and its guests was the Junior dance. The dance was held April 23, 1920, in the Association Hall. The artistic decorators of the class trimmed the hall with the class colors, blue and silver. Many argued that the silver was white, but we will tell you now that our colors are blue and silver.

Thirty couples enjoyed this good time and with the help of the Technology Novelty Orchestra, the dance was a success in every way. The refreshments, served by our friend, Mr. O'Conner, we imagine, were enjoyed also by those present. The dance closed at the respectable hour of 12 o'clock.

The baseball team is doing good work this season and our class believes, of course, that it is due to the fact that many of the team are juniors.

The class is represented by: H. Dodge, L. Caulton, R. Emery, T. Khotry, W. Gilbert.

R. Emery will be manager for next year.

Respectfully submitted,

M. ROBB, Secretary

Sophomore Class Notes

The last three months of the school year have not been very eventful for the Sophomores.

Early in April they elected a new class treasurer, Otto Schleicher, upon the resignation of the former treasurer, Norman Roberts. Roberts has been a very excellent treasurer both last year and this year, and we were very sorry to have him give up his office. He was also treasurer of the class in the Kimball School.

We hope we have lived up to the reputation of Sophomores generally, and that we have not been too severe with the Freshmen. We are very firm believers in the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and we

do hate spoiled children! But of course, we do not wish to seem too unjustly cruel. However, if any of them do think we have been too hard on them, we hope that next year, when they have reached years of discretion, that they will realize that it was all for their own good. And we all join in wishing the faculty and all the members of the other classes the pleasantest vacation ever spent. All together now, "Nine rahs for Needham High." H. M. HOWE, Secretary.

Class Song

Duty and endeavor are our tasks in life,
Guiding us ever through the storm and strife
With brave hearts and true our bright path-
ways through
Success crowns our efforts with joy and
right.

Chorus

Dear old Needham High School, we're leav-
ing you today;
Our hearts are ever with you, though long
be the way;
So here's to the Class of '20, a bright and
shining ray,
In our glowing future of Love, Hope and
Obey.

We come! We come! With ne'er a fear,
Our school behind, with our teachers dear,
As the Class of '20 with vision clear,
We reach our bright goal that's shining here.

Chorus

Dear old Needham High School, we are leav-
ing you today.
Our hearts are ever with you, though long
be the way.
So here's to the Class of '20, a bright and
shining ray,
In our glowing future of Love, Hope, and
Obey.

Words by D. Bucknam, '20.

Music by C. PERRY, '20.

The Class Biography of 1920

CHARLES ALBERT ORNE

Date of birth, November 7, 1902.

Place of birth, Charlestown, Mass.

"Stick to tragedy, my boy, for comedy is serious business."

Charlie's bark is lots worse than his bite; he is really quite harmless. He takes part in all the doings of the Class, and ran our Class Dance very successfully. We cannot seem to find out what he did with the cake, however, and of course we would never accuse him of eating it. He successfully managed the foot-ball team last season, for which he won his letter.

Charles's future is undecided, but we think he will be something great—possibly a second Charlie Chaplin.

GEORGE TWIGG, JR.

Date of birth, August 4, 1902.

Place of birth, Needham, Mass.

Foot-ball, 1916.

"Strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends."

George ought to be a lawyer, or a member of the House, or something equally big and imposing. He is a very eloquent speaker and uses his hands very successfully. He will pursue the business career after graduation and expects to enter the Boston University School of Business Administration. Remember us when you are riding down Broadway in your Super-Six, George.

EDWARD WILLIAM BAILEY

Date of birth, April 21, 1902.

Place of birth, Needham Heights, Mass.

"That man has great thoughts in his coffee-urn."

Ed is one of the bright members of the class and always ready to start something, no matter what it is. He was elected Class President in the Junior year and was liked so well by all that he was re-elected for the Senior year. He intends to start in at Dartmouth College next year with a few of the other fellows from the class.

DOROTHY EMELINE BUCKNAM

Date of birth, July 20, 1901.

Place of birth, Somerville, Mass.

"She is pretty to walk with, pretty to talk with, and pretty to think on, too."

Dot is extremely fond of dancing and is also seen at the movies a great deal. We don't have to wonder why. But nevertheless she manages to get along with the studying part of it, too! Here's hoping she keeps it up when she enters the Boston School of Practical Arts next fall.

PARKER LEE JACKSON

Date of birth, December 20, 1902.

Place of birth, Roslindale, Mass.

"Oh, excellent young man!"

Parker is a rather quiet member of the class, but once in a while he gets up and gives one of his brilliant speeches to let us know that he is still there. Parker enters Dartmouth in the fall, and we know that he will keep up his ranks there as he has done at Needham High.

EDMUND JOSEPH FITZGERALD

Date of birth, January 1, 1902.

Place of birth, Medford, Mass.

Foot-ball, 1917-18-19.

"And bears his blushing honors thick upon him."

Ted may well be called the smartest member of our class, and has earned the right to be Valedictorian of the class at the graduation exercises. He was also elected as editor-in-chief of our magazine and has managed the three editions for this year very successfully. We think that he has done excellent work in managing things so successfully, considering his vital outside interest. Edmund enters Dartmouth College next year and we suppose he will make a great name for himself there.

MARY TERESA FOLEY

Date of birth, December 25, 1901.

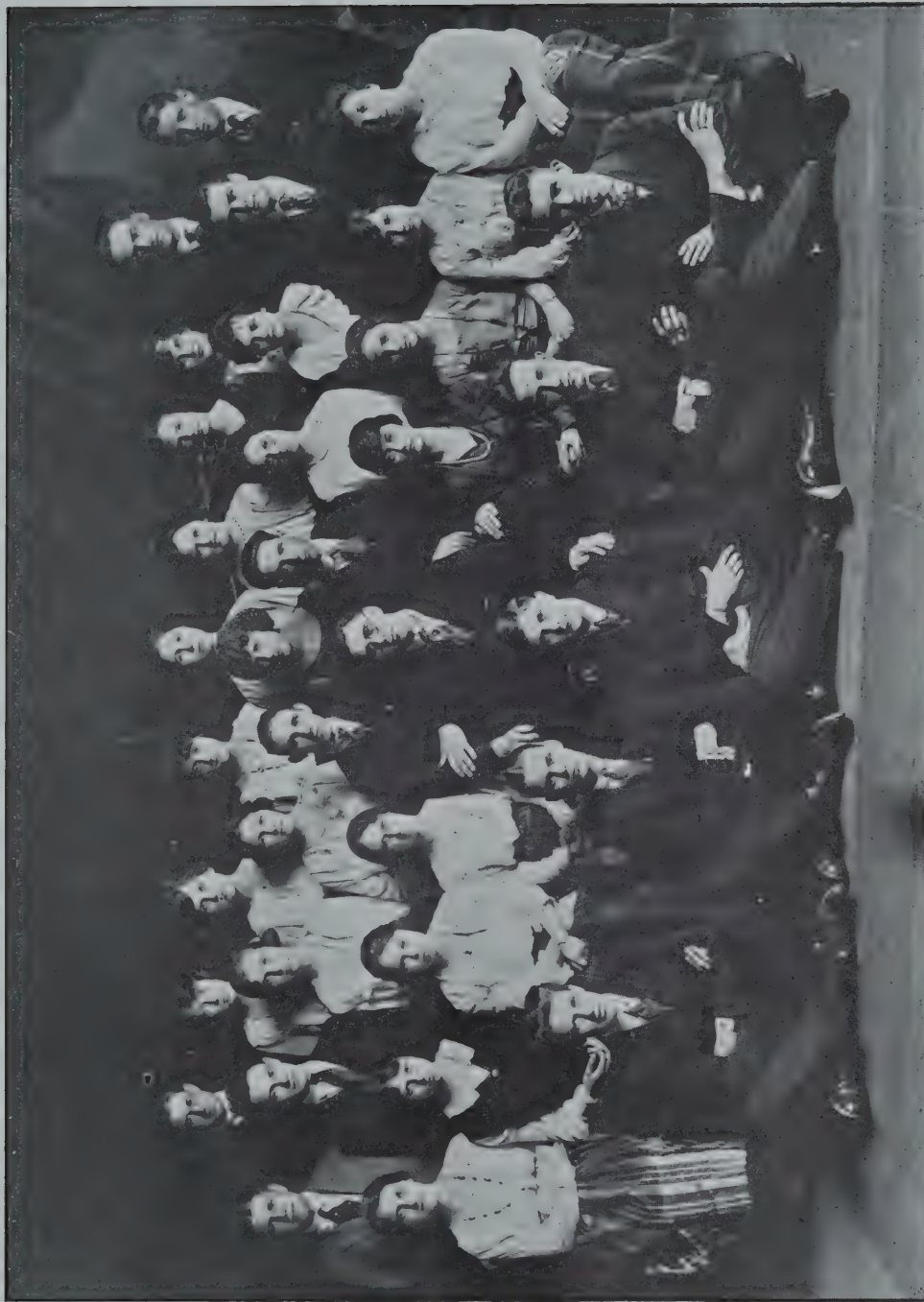
Place of birth, Westbrook, Me.

Class Secretary, 1919-1920.

Vice-President, 1918-1919.

"Who has another care when thou hast smiled."

Mary is one of the star members of the short-hand class, and when her busy fingers start pounding the typewriter keys we all know that the work will be done quickly and well. Mary intends to keep to stenography work next year and we are all sure that she will make a great success of it.



CLASS OF 1920

DOROTHY PHILLIPS BUTLER

Date of birth, November 22, 1891.

Place of birth, London, England.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

Dot came to us in our Freshman year, and is one of the very quiet members of the class, although we all like her. She is very useful on committees, as she is a ready worker and never believes in leaving things till the last minute. As yet, Dorothy is undecided as to what she will do in the fall, but she will probably enter some business school. We all wish you good luck in your business career, Dot.

FRANCES BAILEY

Date of birth, March 23, 1903.

Place of birth, Needham Heights, Mass.

"Here comes the lady, oh so light of foot."

When Frances appears on the scene you never see her with any books, and yet she is one of the industrious members of the class. In some way or another, she manages to carry on part of a commercial course with her regular studies. Frances loves to mix things up in more than one way, so she will have plenty of chances when she starts her scientific course at Simmons College next year.

ALBERT RAYMOND HAMMERSLEY

Date of birth, November 15, 1901.

Place of birth, Needham Heights, Mass.

"Tutored in the rudiments of many desperate studies."

Al has served as our Class Treasurer for the last two years and he is to be congratulated in the way in which he has managed at times to get the money for class dues. He has also played a prominent part on the baseball nine during the last two years.

Albert is undecided as to what he will do in the fall, but we expect that he will start on some brilliant line of study.

ORLO M'CORMACK

Date of birth, March 29, 1902.

Place of birth, Needham, Mass.

Class Secretary, 1916-1917.

"Her life has many a hope and aim."

Orlo is one of our commercial members and makes an excellent Secretary. She is very fond

of dancing and is seen at most of our school functions.

After graduation, Orlo thinks she will become a stenographer.

KENNETH ALLEN SALMAN

Date of birth, December 17, 1901.

Place of birth, Roslindale, Mass.

"Steady, straightforward and strong."

Kenneth not only stars in athletics, but in his studies as well. He has also found time to attend several dances this year and from all appearances seems to have had a delightful time.

Kenneth is undecided about his future, but he may hear something of benefit to himself at graduation, which will help him to decide.

MILDRED SMITH

Date of birth, March 28, 1901.

Place of birth, Needham, Mass.

"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony."

"Mil" is one of our cheerful girls. She is never seen with a frown on. Mildred likes candy and patronizes our lunch counter very frequently. She was elected Secretary of our Debating Club and had a very pleasant time arranging for our debates.

Mildred is going to train for a nurse in the Fall. If we're ever sick, we'll know where to go, Mil.

KATHERINE RAND

Date of birth, September 22, 1892.

Place of birth, Pawtucket, R. I.

"The test is not how much one knows, but how readily it comes to the surface."

Katherine is very smart, but the best part of it is that she doesn't get "stuck-up" about it. She is the Class Salutatorian. She is also good at debating and in our debate on Mexico she made it clear to us that "Carranza hates us."

Katherine enters Wellesley College in the fall. Good luck to your future plans, Katherine.

JANE HILL RAE

Date of birth, March 31, 1902.

Place of birth, Needham Heights, Mass.

Vice-President, 1919-1920.

"Deal gently with the book that lies before thee."

One always sees Jane running for a car or

studying her lessons five moments before school begins.

There is very little that she doesn't know about basket ball or horse-back riding and has been one of the most loyal supporters of the girls basket ball team this year.

She has served her position as Vice-President very capably, and at class meetings ventures once in a while to voice her opinion on vital matters.

Jane is rather undecided about her future work, but we think she should go to Sargent's to improve her athletic ability.

DOROTHEA MARIE RYAN

Date of birth, November 27, 1901.

Place of birth, Needham Heights, Mass.

Vice-President, 1916-1917

"Beauty's ensign yet is crimson,

In thy lips and in thy cheeks."

Dorothea is very quiet and sensible. She is one of the most painstaking members of the Commercial division, and her high marks are a proof.

Dorothea will continue commercial work after graduation, having accepted a position with the William Carter Company.

JOHN JOSEPH CRONIN

Date of birth, December 14, 1902.

Place of birth, Somerville, Mass.

"The gentleman is a most rare speaker."

Jack sure is one of the learned members of the class and is always right there with a couple of books under his arm. He proved his ability for speaking when he joined the debating club and gave us a few of his excellent speeches. As yet, he is undecided as to what course he will follow next year. But cheer up, Jack, you still have your old place in the co-operative.

RUSSELL EARL CAHILL

Date of birth, March 27, 1902.

Place of birth, Newton, Mass.

"Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Russell is familiarly known throughout the school as "Ucker." He is liked by all the class because of his ready smile and wit. His favorite occupation is to swipe some girl's pencil and hide it, just to start some commotion. Russell is going to South America next year, so he says, to visit the alligators. Good luck, Ucker! Don't let them get away with you!

HELEN SIEBERT HANSIS

Date of birth, August 27, 1903.

Place of birth, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"The sweetest flower wild nature yields."

Helen came to us during our Sophomore year, and from her first day here everybody liked her because of her pleasant disposition and readiness to enter into any of our activities. Helen has entered the First National Bank of Boston for the summer, but is undecided as to what course she will pursue in the fall.

GRACE HORNE MURDOCH

Date of birth, April 21, 1900.

Place of birth, Glasgow, Scotland.

"Prosperity to the man that ventures most to please her."

Grace is a live wire of the class. When there is any argument brought up there is always Grace on hand, and she usually takes a pretty prominent part. Grace left us a few weeks early to take a trip to Scotland, and we expect to see her again in August, unless she finds some Scotch laddie over there that she likes better than the one in Needham.

ARTHUR JOSEPH MACDONALD

Date of birth, June 12, 1901.

Place of birth, Glasgow, Scotland.

"A strong, well built lad and well versed in the ways of the athlete."

"Mac is the athlete of the class. He is well liked by every one because of his good disposition and for his activities on the foot ball team. He captained last year's team very successfully. Mac intends to enter the school life of Dean's Academy next fall and later expects to enter Tufts College.

DORIS ADELAIDE BLISS

Date of birth, September 14, 1901.

Place of birth, Townsend, Mass.

"This is the period of my ambition, O this blessed hour!"

Doris is noted for her musical ability, and figured quite prominently in the Minstrel Show, when she sang, "Fraidy Cat." Doris has much self-confidence and is one of our smartest commercial students. She has been allowed to leave school early and still receive her diploma, because of her excellent work during the earlier part

of the year. At present Doris is in the office of the Farley-Harvey Company of Boston as stenographer, but we do not suppose that she will stay there, as she has too much ability, and should carry off a higher position, such as woman editor of some magazine. Good luck, Doris, in all that work!

ALTA MAE M'LEAN

Date of birth, November 20, 1903.

Place of birth, Oxbow, Me.

"Nymph of the downward smile and sidelong glance."

Alta joined us early in our Senior year, and, like her sister, is very quiet, but very observing and notes everything that goes on in class with just a quiet smile. Alta, however, differs from her sister in that she likes **very** much to be assigned ten-minute talks in English class. Alta, as yet, is undecided as to what she will continue to do next year, but will most likely enter Sargent School for Physical Training with her sister.

HERBERT LENK YERXA

Date of birth, July 6, 1902.

Place of birth, Boston, Mass.

"A mixture of jollity and studiousness."

We couldn't get along without Herbert, he almost runs the class—sometimes. He recites brilliantly in economics and puts the rest of the class to shame. He likes to chew gum and talk with the girls, but fourth period you always see him studying hard. (?)

Herbert enters the Phillips Andover School in the fall.

CHARLES FOSTER FERRY

Date of birth, November 23, 1902.

Place of birth, Marlboro, Mass.

"Some tell, some hear, some judge of music; others make it."

When Charles plays his cornet the world sits up and takes notice. He is extremely musical, and when his mind is not on his lessons it is off roaming with Paderewski or Beethoven.

He has found time, however, to go to one or two dances this year and seemed to be enjoying himself, especially at the Senior Dance. Charles wrote the music of our Class Song, which we think sounds rather nice.

Good luck to you in your future work, Charles, when you enter the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music next year.

MARY ANGELA OVERTON

Date of birth, May 14, 1902.

Place of birth, Needham, Mass.

"Her voice is ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

One must have a very good ear to hear Angela recite. She loves to keep us guessing as to just what she is talking about. She always has her lessons, however, even if we can't hear her recite them. Angela has been working at the Saxony Knitting Mills office afternoons, and will probably continue there until fall. We think you like the Saxony pretty well, anyway, Angela.

OLIVE SUTTON

Date of birth, March 19, 1902.

Place of birth, Needham, Mass.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

One always sees Olive studying and she certainly showed it in her lessons, which are always letter perfect.

She is extremely fond of stenography and has chosen this for her future work, in which we feel sure she will succeed.

ELENA PROVOST ROBERTS

Date of birth, May 22, 1901.

Place of birth, Needham Heights, Mass.

"Best of comfort, and ever welcome to us."

"Nell" is always happy and smiling and the only time we see her frown is when she is assigned some especially long topic in history. She has been working afternoons this year at Wright & Ditson's and will continue there until fall, when she expects to train as a nurse.

MYRTLE DEAN M'LEAN

Date of birth, January 16, 1902.

Place of birth, Ox Bow, Maine.

"How many charming things there are in the world that have no spectators."

Myrtle joined us in our Senior year and is one of the very quiet members of the class. She is extremely fond of dancing and automobile rides; are we right, Myrtle?

Miss McLean expects to enter Sargent School in the fall.

JOHN LAWRENCE NORRIS

Date of birth, September 24, 1903.

Place of birth, Dorchester, Mass.

"The more thou stir his quiet nature, the worse it will become."

Although Lawrence is a very studious boy, he is always ready to enter into all the social frolics of the school.

Anyone who wants to debate with Lawrence must look sharp if he would win out, because he is extremely hard to beat in a debate.

We expect great things from Lawrence as he enters Dartmouth College in the fall.

Freshman Class Notes

The Freshmen Class held an entertainment and dance Friday evening, May 7, 1920, at the High School Hall. The play proved very successful and I am sure that all who were present thoroughly enjoyed it. After the play was over the hall was cleared and there was dancing until eleven. All in all the evening was a very pleasant one.

ALEXANDER SMITH, Secretary.

Our Debut in Minstrelsy

On April 9, 1920, we broke into the realm of minstrelsy by giving a Minstrel Show in the Town Hall. The show had been postponed because of sickness, but this did not lessen the interest nor cause a weakening of the spirit. One thing that spurred the cast on was the fact that the hall was packed with an audience eager to see our first public appearance as entertainers. That the audience was more than satisfied is needless to say, as those present manifested fully their delight at the talent displayed by the cast. The success of the entertainers is due largely to the untiring efforts of those in charge. As the proceeds of the show were to go to the Athletic Association and to the Advocate, all co-operated to make the entertainment a huge success and to help Miss

Bartlett, Miss Winn and Mr. Frost, all of whom made great sacrifices of time and experienced many inconveniences by being with us several evenings a week during extremely stormy weather. The pupils of this High School greatly appreciate the interest that these teachers showed and wish to thank them again.

The first part of the performance was the minstrel show proper. The music was under the direction of Miss Bartlett, assisted by Hemenway's Orchestra.

The raising of the curtain disclosed the chorus arranged in place and singing the opening chorus, "Minstrels Are We." The end men soon appeared from the rear of the hall and "then the fun began." These certainly were "joy boys," creating steady laughter, both with their jokes, which were mostly on local persons, and their actions, which grew crazier as the show went on.

The end songs, "My Baby's Arms," "You'd Be Surprised," "Who Played Poker With Pocohontas," and "Freckles," sung by Chas. Nickerson, Charles Orne, Albert Hammersley and Edward Bailey, respectively, were given wonderful receptions and much applause. The solos, "Mandy" and "Fraidy Cat," sung by Laura Kontos and Doris Bliss, brought encore after encore. Several selections were given by a quartet composed of Chester Eaton, alto, Edward Bailey, tenor, Albert Hammersley, soprano, and George Ferran, bass. These were also well received by the audience.

The members of the cast provided their own costumes, which added much to the minstrel "atmosphere." The costumes of the chorus can be described, as the girls wore bungalow aprons and the boys were adorned with straw hats, black ties and white shirts and dark trousers. Space does not allow a description of the many-hued and combination costumes of the end men. These worthy gentlemen were Messrs. E. Bailey, C. Orne, H. Yerxa, and C. Nickerson.

The chorus included the Misses Audrey Jones, Annette Engstrom, Blanche Salt, Virginia Heald, Dorothy Healy, Frances Bailey, Laura Kontos, Grace Godfrey, Mildred Robb, Doris Bliss, Emily Kingsbury and the Messrs. Salman, Ferran, Fitzgerald, Hammersley, Jackson, Eaton, Khoury, Hasenfus, Roper and Wallace.

George Twigg was Interlocutor and filled the position well. Mr. Frost, our Athletic coach, applied his coaching abilities in a line different from athletics, for the end men were under his direction. Their application of his coaching were very noteworthy and speak for themselves. As Business Manager, also, Mr. Frost showed how he could carry to success everything he attempted. We also wish to thank the members of the Orchestra for their kindly interest in furnishing the music which certainly aided in making success possible.

PART II

The first number was "A Glimpse of Japan," a very delightful presentation, with graceful dancing and sweet music. The splendid Japanese costumes of the girls added very much to the effect from the audience. The following took part: Misses Dorothy Pond, Annette Engstrom, Emily Kingsbury, Winnifred Butler, Virginia Heald, Mildred Robb and Dorothy Mercer.

The "Weary Wanderers," namely, David Murdoch and Charles Nickerson, wandered on the stage next. Their "nom de stage" was very well chosen, for their clothing proved that they had done considerable wandering. Their act was full of variety, including local jokes, slams and catchy songs, all well received by the audience.

The third number, "School Days," was a source of continual amusement for those present. The teacher, Miss Grace Murdoch, was singing, "To-morrow Seems Likes Years" when the curtain rose. After finishing, she called the boys in. The "boys" filed in slowly, as they were very ancient, and took their seats. The teacher then had

them go through the whole school day, of which their amusing brightness in spelling, history and arithmetic was the cause of much laughter from the audience. Solos, "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "The Irish Must Have Been Egyptians Long Ago," and "Six Times Six is Thirty-Six," were sung by Albert Hammersley, Edward Bailey and Charles Perry, respectively. "Oh! By Gee!" sung by Hammersley and Bailey, received round after round of applause. Though unknown to the audience, this act was greatly extemporaneous, thus making the number more interesting to the cast and audience. The most noteworthy part of this nature was the interpretation of the veil dance.

The "boys" were the Messrs. E. Bailey, E. Fitzgerald, A. Hammersley, C. Orne and C. Perry.

"Cafe Dansant," the next number, was of great interest to the audience. Gay young people were seen dancing in the French restaurant. When the dancing ended, they sat at the tables for refreshments, which the head waiter, Charles Nickerson, had brought by two assistants, Thomas Khoury and David Murdoch, whose "service" was very amusing. A cabaret followed, featuring a fox-trot by David and Grace Murdoch; a minuet by Dorothy Bucknam and Maurice Simon; a Spanish dance by Marjorie Bucknam; an Egyptian dance by Grace Murdoch. All the dancers showed grace and talent and deserved the fine reception given them by the audience.

The "Swedish Comediennes" (Yiddish translation of "Bailey" and "Fitzgerald"), were scheduled to annoy the audience as the first number, but owing to their appearance as various colors of the rainbow in both Parts, had to be postponed till last. Their entrance was very spectacular, Capt. Bailey in advance with a red flag, and the Army (Fitz) pulling up the aisle on a bicycle, making much racket with "loud" overalls. These two stormed the audience with local jokes, all of which "took."

ATHLETICS

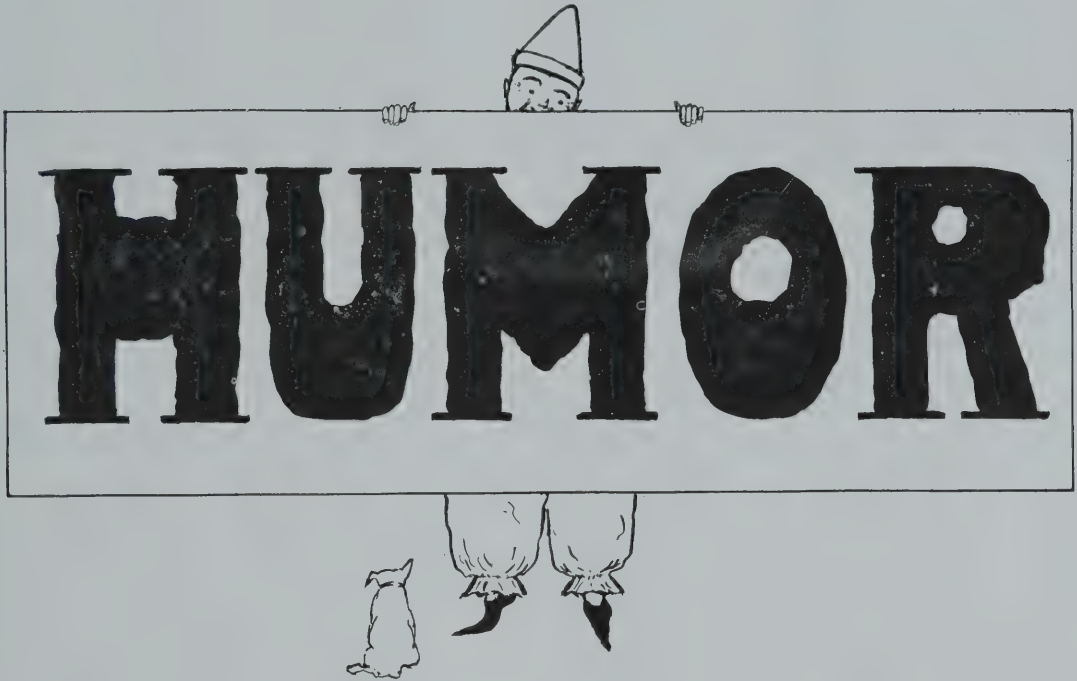
Though the baseball season of 1920 is not what may be called an absolute success, nevertheless the boys who gave up their afternoons worked hard so that Needham igh could be represented in baseball. The players experienced many setbacks before the season opened, the main ones being the handicaps caused by weather conditions and the lack of a suitable place for indoor practice during the bad weather. As a result, only a few days of practice were obtained before the opening game, on April 14, with the strong Newton team, which had been practicing for some time, both indoors and on the diamond. This was a very weakly played game and resulted in a 20-0 defeat for our team. The game served mainly in aiding Coach Frost to pick his battery and other positions for following games. That the team needed practice was very evident and Mr. Frost determined to arrange for stiff practice afternoons. Again the weather destroyed his plans, as well as causing the cancellation of many scheduled games during the remainder of the season.

In spite of the delays and unfavorable conditions, many dependable hitters were discovered to be among the candidates. These were of great value during the entire season and could be counted upon in every pinch. Their stick-work made up for whatever field work they may not have had up to the standard. The most dependable were our shortstop, Hammersley, our outfielder, Dodge, our pitchers, Cronin, Fairbanks and McDonald, our backstop, Captain Murdoch. For fine fielding, Emery was unrivalled.

The scores of the games are as follows: Needham 0, Newton 20; Needham 6, Arlington 11; Needham 7, Milton 5; Needham 2, Norwood 7; Needham 5, Lexington 7; Needham 12, Lexington 2; Needham 13, Belmont 6; Needham 7, Post 14 American Legion 14.

The remaining games to be played were: Two with Natick and one with Waltham.

With the same zeal and determination that characterized his foot-ball coaching, Mr. Frost set out to produce a winning baseball team. His expectations for rigid practice every afternoon were greatly dampened by the continuous rainy weather and he was unable to give his charges the fundamental training necessary for success. Still, every afternoon possible he had his men on Greene's field ready to do his utmost to bring out the baseball ability that he was sure they possessed. Mr. Frost has the faculty of getting what he goes after. In this case it was through no fault of his that he could not use his find to insure success for the team. Throughout this whole school year Mr. Frost has taken great interest in us and our school's welfare. His efficiency as a teacher cannot be questioned in the least. He has served as athletic coach, as faculty manager of foot-ball and baseball and as one of the directors of the minstrel show. On the diamond or on the gridiron, Mr. Frost was always a good-natured sport, ready for fun, but tending to business at the same time. His teacher's cares were left behind when he closed the schoolhouse door. He was a boy once—that means a great deal.



What is the chief use of salt?
Bum—"To catch birds with."

Twiggie seems to think that if there is nicotine in tobacco there must be Karo in corn silk.

After the class had examined a jar of chemical, Miss Bates said, Come, boys, pass the bottle in."

Ham—"You think air isn't tangible, huh? Well, you ought to get the air once in a while and you'd change your mind.

Blubber—"The costume they use in hay- ing is a straw hat more or less torn around the brim."

And a SENIOR wanted to know if mag- nesium is mined in ribbons.

What would happen if—

Barnes didn't wear his spats?

We sang harmoniously some Friday morn- ing?

The bells should ring at 8:15 instead of 8:10?

There were no candidates for the seventh period?

We had our lessons prepared Monday morning?

The Senior picture didn't turn out good the third time?

Oh—Blankety Blank! ? —

Bailey should bring some more onions for his dinner?

We had a loose rein in the Chem. Lab.? Zowie.

The school should lose Mike?
Well, you never can tell.

Heard, if you listen intently:

Orne—"Oh, man!"

Fitz—"Aw, Char-lie!"

Norris—"For Pete's sake!"

Cronin—"Aw, come off!"

F. Bailey—"Good night!"

Bailey—"I don't believe it, but—"

Kat—"Elizabeth Barrett was an invalid all her life, but she lived fifteen years longer after marrying Browning."

English Teacher—"I am sure there should be a dash after hurry."

Can you imagine

Miss Ray giving some one else a chance to talk in a French class?

Miss Caswell dishing out a short lesson?

Mr. Frost feeling at home with the women around?

Miss Eyrick letting you into the room without a late slip?

Miss Steward without that sunset blush?

Miss Cole talking to anyone outside of her classes?

Miss Bates making her eyes behave?

Miss Currie harping on anything but Latin?

Mr. Campbell not having to say, "Let's have it quiet, please"?

Miss Bartlett conducting a Jazz Band?

Miss Russell breaking speed limits in the ole "Fliv"?

But *can* you imagine the astounding fact that Perry and Bailey were taken for twins? Iken Mike, they looka like.

Or, finding Fitz at a dance without his better half?

Ham—"Do they have foreign newspapers at the Boston Public Library?"

Miss Ray—"Oh, yes, they have them from Pittsfield, Chicopee and other places."

Miss Bates—"Fitzgerald, please describe different varieties of quartz."

Fitz—"Quarts were in favor before my time. You'll have to ask the older members of the faculty."

Blub—"Now I'm going to tell you that if Wood gets going it's going to be hard to put him out."

Miss Ray, French, explaining use of "years (ans)"—"I spent 14 years in West-boro."

Miss B.—"Does bromine occur free in nature?"

Fitz—"No, you can't find anything free these times."

Teacher, telling how her dress got torn, "My foot got caught in the *couch* cover."—O-o-o-o-o-oh!

Embarrassing Situations Nos. 3496-3499:

Having "her" call you on the phone when Mr. Campbell is in the office.

Trying to laugh when Mr. Frost tells a joke.

"Bea"-ing present when the "huntress" joke was pulled at the Legion show.

OBSERVATIONS

1. Lot's wife wasn't the only one who turned to "salt." How about "Kick" Sal-man?

2. If "Ham" and the wife got into a fight, how many could Emily Kings-bury?

3. From all points of view, including Bird's Hill, we believe that Miss Caswell must have mistaken the year's course of study for daily assignment.

4. According to Miss Caswell, the following is the prescribed course of study in existence here: 1, English; 2, English; 3, English; 4, English. The following are to be done if you have time (which you won't): Chem., Math., etc.

RIMES OF AN ANCIENT BOOTLEGGER

'Twas on the lonely prairie,

Where the bristling thoroughfare

Threw up rolls of silent racket

That stilled the sun-chilled air.

A horseman in his Ford machine,
 A costly steed so cheap,
 Stood sitting in a red canoe
 Upon a huge ash heap.

"Forbear," he yelled in accents soft,
 That were heard for half a mile,
 "Chief Dirtyneck is but five score,
 So let him live a while."

With measured step he grasped the hand
 Of the Injun by the foot,
 And gently scraped out of his pipe
 About a quart of soot.

The dogs o'erhead in the pumpkin trees
 Were whistling, Oh so sour,
 And at nine that morn, one afternoon,
 A coat tree burst into flower.

The sluggish stream from running fast
 Got breathless in its haste;
 A boy drank of its fresh, salt water,
 Which seasoned his sense of taste.

"What is your business, Dirtyneck?"
 Asked the gink with the big long horns.
 "Why, I give away a folding brown derby
 With each bottle of Father John's."

E. BAILEY.

AN AFTERNOON'S "PRAS-TIK"

Time: 2 o'clock, N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R.
 time.

Place: Greene's Field.

Scenery: Threatening rain, with low-
 banked clouds.

Characters: Mr. Frost and His Recruits.

Enter—Mr. Frost, swinging several bats
 savagely, and a few recruits tossing around
 a Y. M. C. A. ball.

Mr. Frost: "Well, boys, we got to get that
 game Saturday. Get out into the field and
 I'll knock ya' some."

Recruits in Chorus: "How's chances on a
 new ball?"

Mr. Frost: "We don't have any; where's
 the three I brought out yesterday?"

(Silence, while recruits stroll to outfield.

Mr. Frost (after knocking the ball about
 a foot): "Oh pshaw! I guess I'll have to get
 a lead bat."

Mr. Frost (poles out a long fly unexpect-
 edly): "Come on, you fellows, cut out your
 fooling."

(Practice goes on amidst muffled out-
 bursts from outfield.)

"Hit it out," "half a dollar you can't put
 it over my head, Mine, mine, mine" (with
 growing accent) * * * Pause. "Well,
 why didn't you get it?"

Mr. Frost: "Let's have a little infield prac-
 tice, boys, I guess we have a million dollar
 outfield."

Mr. Frost (on seeing first ball hit go
 through infielder's legs): "Godness, gra-
 cious, help! help! Wake up, outfielders, get
 that ball."

(After inspecting the infield, Mr. Frost
 heads his recruits back to high school.)

CURTAIN

Act II

Time: 4 o'clock (daylight saving time).

Place: Elaborate Locker Room of Need-
 ham High School.

Scenery: Anything in the line of broken
 lockers, glass, etc.

Characters: Recruits and admirers.

Recruits in unison: "Who broke that win-
 dow?"

Hathaway (on close inspection): "It's
 worse than I thought it was; it's broken on
 both sides."

Ucker: "Gee, but it's cold!" (meaning the
 shower, of course).

(A wild scramble follows to land one of
 the three showers.)

Dosey: "Come on, Khoury, don't hog all
 the water."

(Fighting subsides to give way for dressing.)

Dodge: "Hey! Dave, when you get through drying yourself on my shirt, I'd like to wear it home."

(Gang assembles after dressing.)

Ucker "Who's matching for college ices?"

(Chorus of war-whoops and grand flip-up of coins.)

Ucker (on examining coins): "Stuck again."

EXIT. (Gang en route to "Perry Pharmacy.") GILBERT-DODGE Inc., '21.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A HIGH SCHOOL

From September to June we study in school,
Few work, many "bluff," and still others
fool;
But when at last cometh the end of the year,
We greet it with many a sigh and a tear.

Why? Ask any student, and he'll tell you
quickly,
Exams must be finished and that very
sickly.
He, of course, wants to pass, and he'll say
with emotion,
If he doesn't get "C," there will be no pro-
motion.

First we face French, with fear of a fall,
For even in class "nous parlons mal."
There's no "Ray" of hope for the one who
forgets
A grave accent mark, or a final "es."

Geometry next! With a groan that would
move
The heart of a stone, we endeavor to prove
That OM squared plus OP squared times
radical 2
Just equals the distance from A to U.

And then on the program comes English.
Our course

Consists of grammar, literature, theme
work and verse;

When requested to write upon versification
We suffer from terrible heart palpitation.

To crown all our joys, and to end all our
woes,

We answer some questions on Caesar and
prose;

The rules for frequentatives and extent of
space

Account for the agonized look on each
face.

'Tis sure "coming marks cast their shadows
before."

Having written our tests, we make haste
through the door.

We exist until Monday in fear of our lives,
Lest our marks shall all prove to be "65's."

If we hear from the teacher on the day of
our fate,

That we passed all exams with a "78,"

We shout and rejoice and are happy as larks,
To think that we even had captured *that*
mark!

M. C. T., '22.

AT THE BASEBALL GAME

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winston take in a
baseball game, it being the first attended by
the aforesaid Mrs. Winston.

Oh, Frank, what a crowd of people attend
the games! * * * Well, here are the
players, Frank, they certainly look splendid
in their uniforms. * * * See that tall
good-looking man over there? * * * Now
don't get huffy, Frank, I'm not flirting with
him. See they are going to play in a minute,
so please explain to me the game of baseball.
Is that so? * * * Oh, yes. * * * I
understand. * * * Mercy! * * *
He's out? Now isn't that too bad! Frank,
why does the pitcher throw the ball so
swiftly? * * * Why does the catcher

wear a mask? * * * What is he trying to do, hypnotize the pitcher? He makes such funny motions to the pitcher before he throws the ball to him. * * *

Oh, yes, I understand the game, but who is the man behind the pitcher? The umpire? and what does he do? * * * Um-hum. Who's ahead, Frank? * * * That's just too bad that the other side is losing. The player died at third? Oh, dear, what a shame! * * * Well, you said he died. how did I know you meant otherwise? Frank, what's a foul? Is it a bird? When is a foul? Why is a foul? * * * Now I think you're horrid. I just asked a few sensible questions and then you tell me to dry up. You're just a mean old thing, so there! All right, I'll try not to ask so many. A sacrifice? Oh, dear, who was sacrificed? I think this game is just horrid. * * * Ye gods and little fishes, they don't talk English at all. * * * Good night.

Frank, what ails you? * * * The umpire? Why, what did he do? * * * Do you always kill them when they do that? * * * Well, Frank, when will the game be over? I've had enough. * * * Well, all right, this is the last game of baseball that I go to. * * * A. HARKINS, '21.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE EXAM

'Twas before the exam, and all through the room,
Not a pupil was stirring, while awaiting his doom;

There were pens, there was ink, so they were all ready,

Still the beats of their hearts were not very steady.

The pupils were seated in A and B sections
While all through their heads ran various questions.

The teacher came in and soon took command,
And she held that wretched exam in her hand.

Now, Freshman; now, Junior; now, Senior;
now, Sophomore,

Remember, you have ninety minutes—no more!

A smile from the teacher and a nod of her head,

Soon gave them to know they had nothing to dread.

They spoke not a word but went straight to work,

Filled up three papers, and no questions did shirk;

They put down their pens and their papers did fold,

Gave them to the teacher for her to behold.
Just then rang the bell, but it seemed quite too soon;

Still the pupils all rose and went out of the room,

And they all said together, as they passed in the hall,

"That exam was quite easy; 'twasn't hard at all."

GEORGE FERRAN, '21.

The management of the Needham High School Advocate desires to thank all its advertisers, who have given such zealous financial support to the paper this entire year.

During the present season, an innovation in the form of three issues of the magazine

was most successfully launched. Without the generosity of the Needham townspeople, and other friends who contributed to its advertising section, such a popular feature would have been impossible.

H. L. YERXA, '20.

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